An Account of a ſtrange ſort of Bees *in the* Weſt-Indies, *communicated by* M. I.

A Friend of mine, Monſieur *de Villermont*, informs me, that he has received from *America*, a ſort of Hony-Comb, (of a different make from the European,) which is compoſed of ſmall Bottles, or Bladders of Wax, of a browniſh colour, inclining to black: being as big as Olives, and ſhapt like the Spaniſh Olives. They hang together in Cluſters, almoſt like a Bunch of Grapes, and are ſo contrived, that each of them has an Aperture during the time of work, but it is cloſed up, as ſoon as the Veſſel of Wax is filled with Hony; and then the *Bees* go to work at another Veſſel.

Their Lodgings are ordinarily taken up in a hollow Tree, or the Cavity of a Rock, by the Sea ſide; theſe being the propereſt places to ſecure them from ſuch Animals, as are geeedy of their Honey, and therefore likely to moleſt them; and they have the more need of this Caution, becauſe they are more lyable to be diſturbed, then ordinary *Bees*, as having no Stings, and being capable of doing good, but no hurt to any thing, as the Party that lived at *Cayenne*, very well knows. When the Combs are removed, they muſt be carryed gently, and in the ſame Poſition they lay in till you come to the place, where you deſign to take out the Honey.

The Honey it ſelf is clear, and liquid as Rock-water, and hardly to be diſtinguiſht from it, by the ſight; when you would take it out, you muſt pierce every bottle, with the Thorn of a wild Palm, or a Pin, a little more then ½ from the bottom; for if you pierce it lower, you find a bottom or ſediment, whoſe thickneſs would hinder it from running: as you prick every Bottle, you have ſome Veſſel ready, to receive what comes from it. My Friend tells

tells me, he thinks, the liquor is one of the moſt agreeable things in the world. If you drink faſting, the quantity of a good Glaſs, or about half a pint, it will give you 2 or 3 ſtools, in about 2 hours time, according to the temperament of the Party; but if you drink it at Meals, it dos not purge at all.

My friend has alſo a ſort of *Cinnamon*, which comes from *Guardaloupe*, which is white; and another ſort, which comes from *Marognan*, which is like that of *Ceilon*.

He promiſes to ſhew me, that *Ambergriſe* is nothing but the wax, mixt with the Honey, which falls into the Sea, and is beat about in the Waves, between the Tropics.

He has an Ear of the ſmall *Melium* of *Guinee*, about 10 Inches long, made juſt like the great knob of a Cane; the Grains are no bigger then a pins head, and are very good to eat, the *Negros* making their finer Cakes of them.

Monſieur Villermont *having lately ſent over one of theſe Hony-combs; care has been taken, for the deſigning, and engraving it; 'tis repreſented* Fig 1. *Only allowance muſt be made for ſome of the Bottles having been broken in carriage.*

Fig. 1.

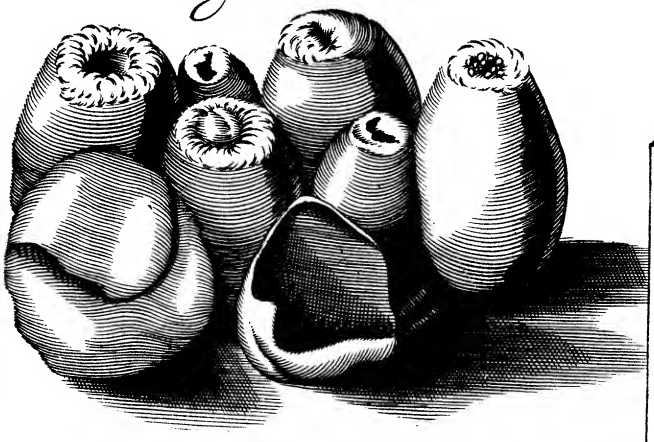

Fig. 2.

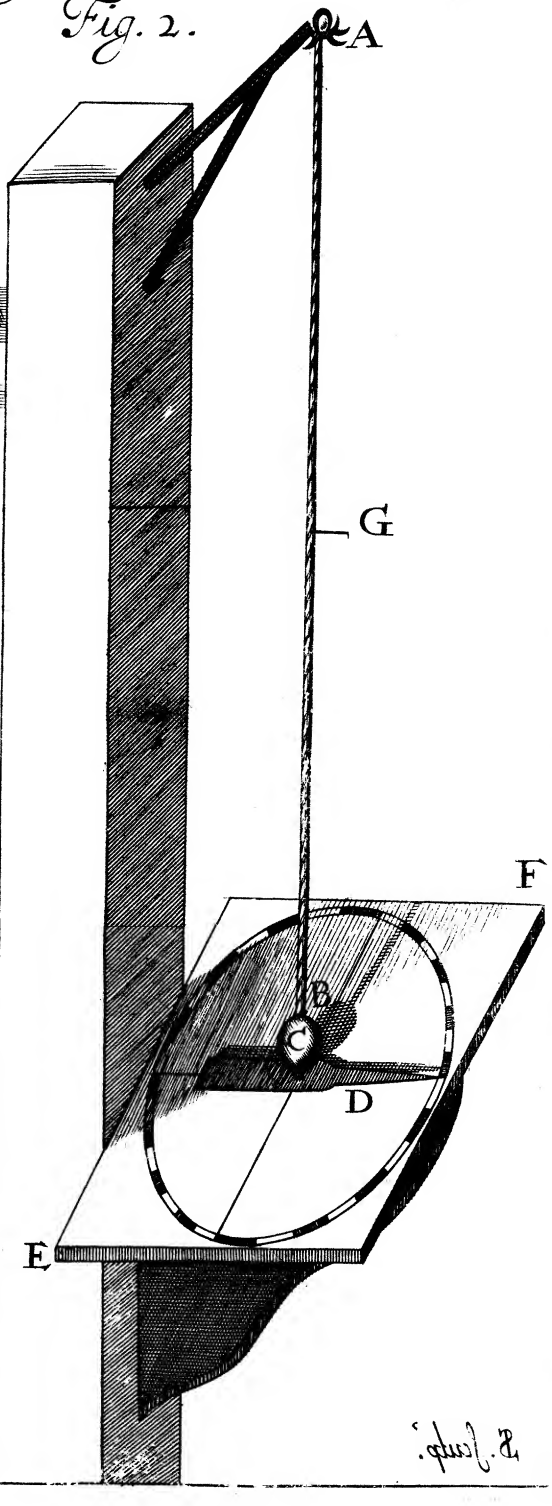
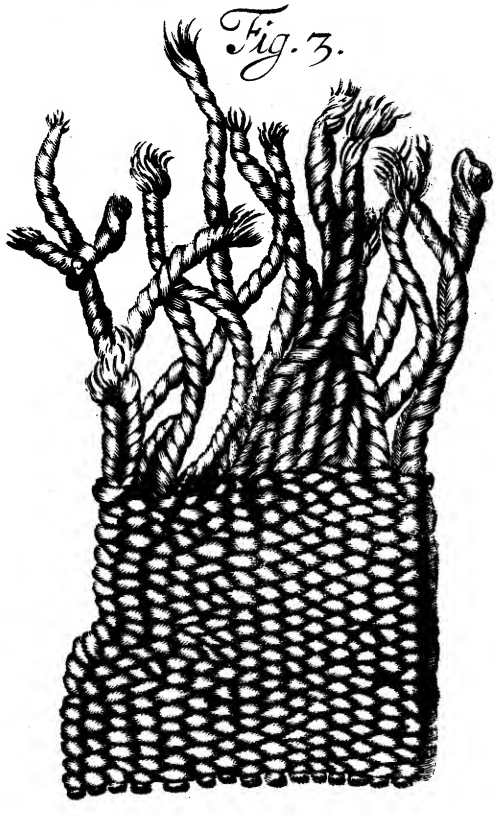
Fig. 3.